

# The Musical World.

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(Paraphrased.)

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## INSULARITY IN FINGERING.

BY A BEWILDERED PIANIST.

IN these days of submarine telegraphs and French plays, the fact that we live upon an island is one that does not obtrude itself upon our daily life to any appreciable extent. There are indeed moments not wholly unconnected with quitting our native shores and returning to them, when we realize the geographical position of England in a manner that is by no means exclusively agreeable, but of such it is not meet to speak. Our insular prejudices are rapidly giving way in all directions; and almost the only one that remains in full force, now that Sunday is slightly less shackled than of old, is the practice of keeping to the left side of the road in driving. There is however, an anomaly in pianoforte music which is entirely due to insularity. Were the phenomenon unattended by practical disadvantages it would scarcely be worth while to point it out, but it is one of the things that beset the path of the pianoforte student, and it forms a very real difficulty in addition to all those that make the ascent of Parnassus such hard work, in spite of Clementi and Tausig. It is stated concisely, and strange to say without comment, by Mr. Franklin Taylor in Grove's Dictionary, article "Fingering," as follows:—"There are two methods of marking fingering, one used in England and the other in all other countries." At the first sight of this sentence, it seems calculated to make the patriotic pulses swell within the Englishman's veins to think that he possesses a system of finger-nomenclature that no contemptible foreigner knows anything about. But is it really so great an advantage as it seems? There is no need to explain what the difference between the two methods is; it may be shortly said that one system views the hand as divided into a thumb and four fingers, while the other adopts the ordinary phraseology and regards the fingers as five in number. That the ordinary phraseology is right in calling the fingers five must surely be evident at once; but if proof of this is wanted, the high authority of the prayer-book may be adduced, where a certain rubric in the marriage service speaks of the "ring-finger" as the fourth.

The history of the two methods is not uninteresting, and it affords a curious commentary on the changeableness of fashions. It will soon be evident which system has the better right to the name of the English method. There is no doubt that what we may call the "four-finger method" is the older of the two, or at least that the earliest documentary evidence is in its favour. Mr. Taylor, in the article above quoted, gives the date of the earliest marked fingering as 1571, the year of the publication of Ammerbach's "Orgel oder Instrument Tabulatur" at Leipzig. In this system of nomenclature the thumb is marked, not with a cross as in our present method, but with a cypher, and the first three numerals stand for the fingers most generally used; the little finger hardly appears at all in his system of fingering, for reasons which are given in the article, but with which I am not at present concerned. August Eberhard Müller, in his "Forte-piano Schule" suggests that the origin of this finger-nomenclature must have been the marking of the fingers for the violin and other bowed instruments, in which the thumb is not used, the cypher standing for the open string, and there seems no reason to doubt the correctness of this solution. This system certainly prevailed in Germany down to the time of Bach, whose liberation of the thumb from the ridiculous restrictions by which its use was almost annihilated made the most important epoch in the history of pianoforte technique, and rendered it henceforth impossible to regard or to number that useful member as a cypher. The "four-finger" system was thereupon driven from Germany to reappear and take firm root in England, with the substitution of a cross for the cypher indicating the thumb. It is difficult to trace its first

introduction into England, or to know whose name we are to execrate as its inventor, but here it is at the present day, and short be its duration!

That the rational "five-finger" method came first from Italy is to be inferred from a title to be quoted shortly, but the earliest known instance of its use is in no less important a work than "A Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinet, composed by the late Mr. Henry Purcell," published by that gentleman's widow in 1696. The finger-nomenclature of the right hand is in this method absolutely identical with that at present called the foreign system, but in the left hand the little finger is numbered as the first, and the thumb as fifth. This last anomaly was removed in 1733 when the "Italian manner of fingering" was adopted in a work called "The Harpsichord Illustrated and Improved; with Suits of Lessons for Beginners." How the system then introduced in its perfection got discarded in favour of one which the Germans had found it advisable to abandon, is as difficult to discover as it is to account for.

So much for the history of the two systems. In comparing them on their merits, one must surely admit that the "Five-finger" system is the more rational of the two, even if the sign for the thumb in the other method were not so liable as it is to be confused in certain passages with the mark of a double sharp. But when it is considered that the verdict of all the other civilized countries is in its favour, and that its universal adoption would make the task of the English beginner far easier than it is at present—for to ignore all foreign compositions except those that have appeared in an English edition is scarcely possible, though no doubt it is to the advantage of editors and publishers that such should be ignored—it is surely desirable to promote its general acceptance. Of course all the "pianoforte classics" have been issued in editions of varying degrees of correctness, with the original fingering altered so as to suit English teachers and students; but even in this sphere of music it is not too much to say that the Cotta edition of Beethoven and the Klindworth edition of Chopin are indispensable to the modern pianist, and in order to attain the faculty of easily reading the fingering of such editions as these it is necessary to forget the system in which one was brought up. Like all other musical reforms, there will be those who will suffer temporarily in a pecuniary sense by the change—which, we venture to predict, must come some day—but it will not be ultimately harmful even to the music trade; for it is at least likely that the demand for English compositions would be largely increased in foreign countries, if it were not for our peculiar fingering. Some reason of this sort may be at the bottom of that habit into which certain composers are led by motives of policy, namely, that of publishing their compositions abroad. It is said, and no doubt truly, that the German public will not buy anything that is not "componirt von" so-and-so, and it is quite certain that the sight of a cross for the thumb will not aid them in getting rid of their prejudice against English music published in England. Therefore, if for no other reason, let us protest against this insularity which stands in our light; for even the National Society of Professional Musicians will hardly object to a large foreign circulation for their inspired compositions.

## THE KING OF BAVARIA'S CASTLE.

"He built his soul a lordly pleasure house."

(From the Special Correspondent of the "Daily News.")

MUNICH.

The mind which for weeks past has dwelt exclusively upon King Louis of Bavaria and his tragical fate craved for a glimpse of what filled that remarkable monarch's life, of what he leaves behind him, and what will speak of him to a future generation. Of all the

fantastical abodes which he created for his restive self, the copy of the Château de Versailles as it rises out of the wooded isle on the Chiemsee is that which best reflects the artistic mind, which in the unerring pursuit of beauty has certainly never gone astray. The hints given by workmen and artists employed upon this grand work of art were so mysterious and sounded so much like fragments from a fairy tale that my expectations were raised to the highest pitch long before I obtained the permission to set foot where no inquisitive mortal was allowed to penetrate during the King's life. And yet how far have my expectations been left behind! Where is the picture I had made myself of King Louis' realm of delight? It has disappeared from my mind's eye as completely as a pictured sun disappears in the presence of the rising orb! And as all those fairy halls flit by when memory conjures them up, and as I doubted that anything but a magician's wand could have created them out of earthly gold, and colour, and texture, my only fear is that the picture I can draw of them will be poor compared with what I remember to have seen but yesterday.

The castle—of which the central building and the right wing only are complete, a mass of granite and solid stone adorned with statues and reliefs and surmounted by an altica at the height of thirty yards—stands upon a broad eminence, which gradually slopes down to the lake on both sides. The view from the windows embraces a park in several terraces, each adorned with waterworks of colossal dimensions, so that the eye has to travel over a mile of nature improved by art before it reposes upon the blue surface of the lake, encircled by violet hills in the distance. To exclude all else from view a trelliswork, which in the course of years will form a green wall, fifteen yards high, is raised on either side, at first wide enough to comprise the terraces and fountains, and narrowing as it slopes down to the lake, but always spacious enough for a broad lawn in the middle and two carriage-drives on either side. As we slowly ascend these drives from the lake the dimensions of the castle, which are underrated at a distance, gradually appear, and by the time we have reached the lowest terrace we are fully aware that we have one of the finest buildings in the world before us. The centre of the lower terrace is occupied by the Latona fountain, consisting of five basins of red, green, and yellow marble, rising one out of the other. The lowest is surrounded by sixty-four gilt metal tortoises and crocodiles, each the size of a man, from whose open jaws thick jets of water rise, and fall into the basin above. Here monstrous golden frogs alternating with strange beings, half men half animals, rise in strange confusion, and higher up in the centre of the fountain kneels Latona, in all the grace of youth, one arm outstretched in supplication, the other wound around the baby form of Apollo. The seventy-two jets of water are so arranged as to pass over the white marble group of Latona and Apollo, who are seen in a huge crystal globe, which the sun's rays gild and colour. The water jets alternately rise and fall, forming a thousand broken reflections and myriads of fitting diamonds around the strange forms to which the movement of the water gives animation and warmth. At either side of the Latona fountain two huge basins throw up thick jets of water which can be seen from all the country around. Twenty broad steps of Bavarian granite lead to the terrace above. The centre is a gravel square, which allows an unobstructed view of the palace and its three golden gates, to which, however, rises another flight of granite steps. On the large terrace there is an oval fountain at either side, gracefully curved and adorned at each of its twelve angles by colossal statues and groups of gold river gods, sprites, and groups of children. The gilding of the bronze is so new that the eye longs for something else to look upon, and for repose from all this glaring beauty. In the centre of the fountain to the left rises a rock, twenty yards high, upon which allegorical figures show the fate of good and evil. In the shade of palms upon a Sphynx is seated Clio, who inscribes the names of the great upon her tablet; above her a warrior, sword in hand, climbs up the rock to fame, encouraged by a winged Victory, alluring him with a laurel wreath held on high. At the top of the rock a winged genius of light upon a horse blows his trumpet to the skies, while the undeserving lie in a motley crowd under the horse's hoofs. On the other side of the rock one figure is being precipitated down, and below an agonized woman awaits its fall. Enormous dragons guard the rock, which is covered in all its parts by ferns, palms, and lichens, from which jets of water fall into the basin below. All the figures on the rock are of bronze and double life size.

On the other side, a similar fountain with twelve gilt statues surrounds a rock crowned by Fortune on a wheel, distributing her gifts, fruits and flowers, to maidens kneeling to receive them. Four dolphins guard this rock, which is surrounded by smaller rocky islands upon which groups of children play among ferns and water-lilies. A little beyond, two fountains of white marble are peculiarly interesting. A large square basin, measuring certainly ten yards in diameter, is filled by jets of water falling from the jaws of a golden lion and a golden leopard seated on the front parapet. This basin is allowed to overflow into another marble basin in the ground, at either side of which a marble statue, copied in beautiful Carrara from the classics of old on pedestals of grey marble, stands erect. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the contrasts produced by this mixture of brown bronze, white marble, and gilt metal, toned down as it is everywhere by the graceful fall of transparent showers. Orange-trees in full bloom, scenting the air, formed a row of bright verdure on the background of dark pines whose growth had been forced into the forms required. Up the last twelve steps of granite, across the last terrace to the arched portico, and the golden gates are opened ajar to admit the visitor, first into a marble entrance hall with many pillars supporting the hall above. In the centre, on a pedestal of red marble and a tall vase of a rare violet stone, stands a peacock in enamel, copied so exactly from nature that the sheen on its splendid plumage seems real until our hands have touched the cold metal of which it is cunningly formed. Through this hall we pass to the back of the house, where a handsome courtyard paved with white and black marble is enclosed on three sides by the central block of buildings. The entrance hall is still unfinished, granite and brick and rafters are still visible in all their crude ugliness, when suddenly a gate of gold is thrown open, and a shower of light and colour meets the eye. It is the staircase—white polished marble under our feet, opaque glass over our heads, and between the two extremes all the wealth of Golconda—if Golconda owned artists. The stairs of white marble, half-concealed under ruby velvet, rise to a narrow platform, where they divide to a double flight of steps guarded by a balustrade of brown and white Piedmontese marble, topped by a parapet a yard broad. On the outside the house seemed to have two stories, inside these have disappeared, and every apartment rises from first floor to roof, the staircase taking up the whole height of thirty yards. Eight large pictures painted in bright and joyous colours, and parted from each other by porphyry columns with golden capitals, cover a part of the walls; these are surmounted by a frieze of white marble, the figures standing out boldly, some reaching with their graceful limbs to the pictures above and below. Above the marble, alternating with gold in all parts, is a row of charming pictures representing children playing in the clouds and the blue heavens above.

The subjects of the large pictures are all suggestive of the great work which began with the staircase. A merchant from India lays out his precious goods, the gold and ruby textures, strings of pearls, plumage of birds; from them a youth—the King—is selecting what will adorn his home. On another canvas, a sculptor, a goldsmith, a painter are hard at work. Beautiful maidens, strong men, bring from field and garden, fruits and plants to increase the wealth and beauty of the whole. One picture shows a group of splendid women doing homage to a young Apollo in a regal mantle, who seems to point to another frame where Cythera thrones as queen of beauty. On the first landing a deep niche interrupts the red marble wall. It is filled by a graceful marble figure of Diana with two slight girls at her side, under whose feet a rill of water flows into a shell below. The background is pale green marble, and is polished so cunningly that it forms long perpendicular reflections, which deceive the eye and lead the beholder to believe that Diana and her maidens are concealed behind a veil. The delusion is so complete that many a hand will be outstretched to draw that veil aside. On the two higher landings white marble statues much over life-size are placed in niches of polished black marble. One is Minerva, the other King Louis XIV. in the garb of a Greek god. A folding door opens upon a series of apartments, loftier than it is possible to picture to oneself, each comprising two distinct rows of windows above each other, the intervening space filled by pictures from many a master-hand, the draperies in velvet covered with gold embroidery an inch high; the floors of rosewood inlaid with designs in a darker colour;



chimneys of marble, the mantelpieces bearing clocks and vases of Sèvres, signed by all the noblest names in French art. Not a single room resembles another, each is a complete masterpiece and in itself so beautiful that the mind refuses to believe anything more lovely still can follow. The paintings on the walls never take the form of pictures in the ordinary sense. They form part of the wall itself, and are set with the fantastical gilt ornaments of French Renaissance, which also frame the mirrors and the tapestries. The tables are either polished stone, lapis lazuli, malachite, or painted porcelain and inlaid wood, the arm-chairs, stools, and sofas carved wood gilt, and gold embroidered velvet. the candelabra gilt, bronze, venetian glass, or Meissen porcelain.

The front of the middle building with its twenty-two windows below, opening upon a narrow balcony, and its twenty-two windows above, is entirely taken up by the large gallery of mirrors, which is flanked by two halls having six windows at the side, that are separated from the gallery by high columns only. That human mind should have conceived a hall of such dimensions seems well-nigh inconceivable even to those who have paced to and fro in it. Notwithstanding the enormous space, it does not look empty or desolate. The ceiling is arched, and the paintings, which commence on the walls, gradually pass to the ceiling, where pictures in rich harmonious colours alternate with bronze reliefs of a pale green colour, both framed in rich ornaments of gold. Opposite the twenty-two windows are as many mirrors, and the space between windows and mirrors is taken up by tall gilt metal candle-sticks, eight feet high. In front of every mirror and in front of every window stands an antique vase of silver, five feet high, and beneath it a canopy in carved wood gilt, covered with deep blue velvet, upon which five rows of gold embroidered lilies, an inch high, produce a marvellous effect. Imagine all this repeated forty-four times over, and add to it the wealth of colour in the paintings on wall and ceiling, from which, moreover, descend three rows of candelabra of gilt bronze, with fifty candles each! In eight niches stand white marble copies of the noblest works of classic art, the Venus of Milo reduced to natural size, that of Medici, Diana, and Niobe. On columns of malachite are placed busts of the French generals of the seventeenth century, no heed being taken that their victories signified as many defeats for the country whose king has placed them in his gallery. The subjects of the pictures all treat of the life of Louis XIV. His great and small deeds are immortalized by the brush of the painter, and it is a wonder that the king's self-immolation did not go so far as to picture even the devastation of the Palatinate. While gazing on high I was afraid my eye would meet the Castle of Heidelberg, as it is being destroyed by the French scourge, which nearly reduced it to ashes. At either end of the hall the pictorial art on the ceiling passes over into the plastic, and many figures are half painted and half modelled; a *scherso* which is copied from the French Renaissance in its less desirable forms. The rooms at either end of the gallery of mirrors contain marble chimneys, one surmounted by a colossal marble relief, the other by a painted portrait of Louis Quatorze. That famous king's most autocratic opinions, which our democratic days scoff at, seem to have been held in high esteem by the Bavarian Louis, for there are idealized portraits of the French king with inscriptions below, such as "L'état c'est moi! Le roi gouverne par lui même!" words which at Herrenchiemsee it cost me no effort to believe King Louis repeated while he gazed at his portly form in one of the thousand mirrors there. Before leaving the gallery I will add a few figures which will prove that my astonishment is based upon sound foundations. The hall is 260 Bavarian feet long, 38 feet broad, and 45 feet high. It takes 2,500 wax candles to light it. The floor is of light brown rose-wood, inlaid with dark laurel wreaths and the lilies of France; the windows are hung with solid white lace, and concealed behind white blinds.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### NEW SONGS.

Twenty-seven Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment by Johannes Brahms. No. IV. of Albums of German Song. Selected and the Words translated into English by Francis Hueffer. Novello, Ewer

and Co. This publication in convenient form of a selection of Brahms's Songs will be welcome to lovers of German music. Probably it is owing to copyright difficulties that only the early opus numbers are represented in this Album, beginning with "Liebestreu" Op. 3, No. 1, and ending with five numbers of Opus 19. But the collection as it stands contains so many beautiful things that the public can afford to wait for a companion volume consisting of the later, and perhaps better known of Brahms's Lieder. There must be many singers who, not unnaturally hesitate to perform their favourite songs before listeners, most of whom are perfectly ignorant of the languages which "everyone is supposed to know." It would be eccentric and troublesome to explain beforehand the meaning and intention of the music and words, and yet far from satisfactory to sing on in the hope that a few at least of the hearers are appreciative. It is surely better to be able to command the emotions of a whole audience, which alone is possible when a suitable translation is provided. Such is the case in this Album, in which it is needless to say the respective claims of music and words have been respected. The quaintness of 13th century poetry has been rendered in the English words of "Ein Sonett," a perfectly exquisite song.

"Work" is numbered as the second of twenty-five two-part songs for children, by Alfred Redhead (same publishers). It is a matter of no small difficulty to write an effective song for children's voices, in two parts, but, to judge by the specimen before us, the composer has been eminently successful in setting a pleasing melody to simple harmonies, and arranging both parts well within the small compass possessed by children. The excess of sentiment in the last two lines of the melody need not be objected to, though it savours a little too much of the fashionable hymn-tune.

A humorous part-song is, as a general rule, a thing to be avoided, but a setting of "Sing a Song of Sixpence," by B. Luard Selby (J. Curwen & Sons), is a most happy exception to this rule. The imitative treatment at the opening arrests attention by its ingenuity, and the singing of the four-and-twenty blackbirds is only surpassed by the delightful design of the late Randolph Caldecott. The dignity with which it is asserted that "The king was in his counting-house" is not less funny than the anxiety of the tenors to know all the particulars of the sad occurrence that permanently ruined the appearance of the maid who was hanging out the clothes. The song may be regarded as an addition of some value to the scanty stock of really comic music, and it should obtain an immediate and lasting success.

"O'er darkling skies," by Franz Abt (Wood & Co.), is simply a Christmas Carol with pianoforte accompaniment, but for that purpose it will be extremely acceptable, as it is melodious and well written.

### PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

A "Polonaise in C," by Franz Leideritz, is published by Licht & Meyer of Leipzig, and Klein in London. It presents no features of startling originality, but is thoroughly well written, and throughout interesting. The composer knows all the resources of the instrument, and possesses complete mastery over the rules that govern musical form. The piece is not easy to play well, but the difficulties which it contains are not of an order to discourage the industrious student.

Two pieces, a solo and a duet, by Paul Beaumont, are sent by Messrs. Ashdown. The first, called "Paquerette," is an extremely pretty and taking melody arranged in effective form, and containing many passages of considerable skill. The variety of its difficulties will make it an excellent teaching piece, though its popularity need not be confined to the schoolroom. The duet, "Con Amore," shows great facility of construction, and demands great facility of *technique* from the first performer. It is not quite as attractive as the other piece, but both are considerably above the average.

A variety of marches by Frederick Croft are sent by several publishers. "The Warrior's March" (Cramer) has reached its eleventh edition, so that its success may be regarded as an accomplished fact. The first subject has little to recommend it, except its familiarity, but some of the subordinate themes are very good. "On the March" (C. B. Tree) is a good deal better, for the first subject, though quite as taking, is yet original. For the "Guards' Parade March" (White Bros.) there is not much to be said; its themes are more or less trite

and commonplace, but this need not of course stand in the way of its success. "Marche Hilarité" (White Bros.) is not very interesting or attractive, nor can it be said properly to conform to the rules that govern the march-form. It is pleasant to find that the composer can write something besides marches "Victoria Mazurka" (White Bros.) is effective in a not very refined style, but it must be pronounced successful, since its not very high aim is reached.

"The Primrose Waltz," by G. Thornhill (Marriott & Williams), shows that the composer has a distinct vein of melody, and if it does not meet with general approbation it will not be his fault.

Mr. James C. Beazley, the composer of "The Osborne Gavotte" (Wood & Co.), is to be congratulated on having mastered almost completely the form in which he has been moved to write; his theme is extremely good, and its treatment fairly characteristic, but the introduction of two single bars of two-four time prove that he cannot yet accustom himself to the commencement on the half bar, which is the one essential feature of the form.

#### ORGAN AND HARMONIUM.

A fourth book of Short Voluntaries for the organ or harmonium by Edward Redhead has been issued by Wood & Co. It contains nine little pieces in various styles, all of which will be found acceptable to players of either instrument. One and all are extremely melodious and well-written, and not the least admirable feature of the publication is the ease with which the bass part can be arranged to suit the pedals of the organ, if required. The most elaborate composition is No. 31 which is divided into two diminutive movements, and is most effective.

#### VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

"Three Idylls" by Charles W. Pearce, are published by Weekes & Co. The first, called, for no very obvious reason, "On a Moonlit Sea," is built upon a melody of considerable charm, which is all too soon discarded in favour of a second subject of less interest. In a composition of such very short extent, we cannot but think that one subject, developed with such skill as is undoubtedly at the composer's command, would have been better than two, to which proper justice cannot be done in the time allowed. The second, "By the Seashore," is exceedingly attractive; like the first, it has two subjects, but they are treated a little more fully in proportion to their interest, so that the piece does not seem too short. No. 3 "Under Forest Boughs," is more difficult for the violin than the other two, but it is perhaps more calculated to please the general public. It is an Allegro Scherzando constructed with great skill, and bearing the sign-manual of the cultivated and artistic musician in every bar. All three idylls are exceedingly good, and an additional attraction will be found in the fact that they can also be played on the violoncello.

The eighth number of "The Practical Violin School," by J. M. Fleming, has just been published by L. Upcott Gill. Some time ago we reviewed the former numbers of this excellent instruction-book, and we are glad to see that it is still running its course. The present instalment of the work contains the chapters on the scales, exercises in changing positions, and on the shake and other graces. For the most part the book is as correct and useful as it is well got up, but we must take exception to the statement that "the word *segue* is a contraction for the Latin phrase, *et sequentis*, meaning 'and the following,' and indicates that the bar over which it is placed, and the following bars, are to be bowed in the same manner as the preceding ones." The writer has got the substance of the meaning all right, but surely he must have read it wrongly, for the contraction is as erroneous as the Latinity of the extended phrase. From the meaning he assigns to it, however, we imagine it to be a mistake for *segue*, which is perfectly good and uncontracted Italian. But though his linguistic knowledge may not be great, the usefulness of Mr. Fleming's book cannot be denied, and its extraordinary cheapness should make it widely appreciated.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOICE.\*

The little book now before us is the fifth and enlarged edition of a short treatise on vocal culture which has been reviewed very favourably in many quarters. Not the least remarkable part of the work as it now stands are its opening pages. The frontispiece presents to view, not a diagram of the laryngoscope, like most of the books on the same subject, but an outline of the sedge-warbler, intended to serve as an example of voice production to the singing birds that have no wings. Its likeness to a free-hand drawing-copy does not make it less agreeable. The next characteristic in which the book differs from any book already published, so far as we know, is that it enjoys a double dedication, each to a number of persons. On the title-page we read that it is dedicated, by special permission, to Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Maas; and on the very next page, there is an ornamental inscription to the members of the medical profession, so that taken all in all, this little book may be said to be more dedicated than any other work, in any branch of literature. The reader who surmounts these two dedications, and the preface, in which a conspicuous part is played by newspaper extracts testifying to the vocal achievements of the author—a piece of somewhat questionable taste, by the way—will be rewarded in the perusal of the body of the work itself, since it is written with thorough knowledge of the subject, and in a style that admits of no contradiction. Diffidence is a quality which would be quite out of place in a treatise that is evidently meant to serve a polemical end, and if the writer is ever troubled by such a quality, he has succeeded in keeping it at arm's length during the composition of his book. To do him justice, it is not his own views of the art which he promulgates with so much ardour, but those handed down to him by his master, Cattaneo, in whose method he places the most complete reliance. That the little work is based almost exclusively upon empirical rather than scientific discoveries will be patent to every reader, but after all, are we not just a little tired of the laryngoscope? Apropos of this instrument, it is amusing to hear the same authorities which are quoted in its favour by some of its enthusiastic and whole-hearted admirers, adduced in testimony of its practical uselessness, such uselessness being of course based on the fact that the real voice can only with so much difficulty be heard at all when it is in operation. In reviewing a work on vocal culture, one of the critic's first and most important duties is to explain the writer's position with regard to the vexed question of the worth of this instrument; this once done, he may refrain from placing himself in one or the other camp.

Mr. Lunn's book presents a new view of the theory of voice-production, which may be briefly stated as consisting of the use of the will in singing. The essential doctrine of his system is contained in the following sentence, which serves as its text: "The chief characteristics of the old Italian school were ease, power, volume, and endurance; four characteristics shown now as ever by our song-birds, and we, like them, have to obtain effortless, full, sustained, and beautiful tone if we wish to sing well. In order to this we must have our bodies right, and our minds must perceive where to will, how to will, and what to will. A pianist cannot strengthen his third finger by using the fourth; and in like manner a student of song cannot strengthen his voice by falsely placing or falsely directing his will." To the uninitiated student it may seem a good deal harder to "place his will" in any particular direction than to attempt to bring certain muscles into play, as he is told to do in many other manuals of singing; but whether this is or is not the best way of ensuring the proper production of the voice cannot be asserted definitely, though the author's theory has at least the merit of novelty. From what we have said, it will be evident that no diagrams are to be expected; there is only one, beside the sedge-warbler outline at the beginning. We would not be understood to have estimated slightly Mr. Lunn's theory, or its careful exposition in no less than sixteen "laws," most of which are individually valuable, whether we accept the whole system or not. The title of the book is scarcely justified before we reach the second part, where the philosophical bearings of the subject are treated at some length and with considerable skill and clearness. There are

\* The Philosophy of Voice; showing the right and wrong action of voice in speech and song, with laws for self-culture. By Charles Lunn. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox.)



two subordinate theories of the author's that must not be left unmentioned; these are: first, that the use of words, whether in song or speech, is deleterious to the purity of voice-production; and second, that so far from the power of singing being a special gift granted to some favoured people, it is a universal gift, just as much as the power of walking, except in cases where its absence is to be referred to disease. Even in cases where the voice has been lost, Mr. Lunn declares his conviction to be that it can be restored, and regain its original power.

The book is thoroughly interesting throughout, and not the least agreeable part of it is the author's refreshing love of nature, which comes out in many passages, as it is foreshadowed in the frontispiece that we have already mentioned.

## Poetry.

### OUR PRIZE SONG.

#### REJECTED.

Sequel to "The Young Man Confident" (see *Musical World*, May 8).

AM I dreaming or am I awake?  
I exclaim, as with wondering eyes  
I stare at the awful mistake  
They have made in announcing my prize.  
The music is printed all wrong,  
Not a note that I sent is the same;  
They've altered the words of my song,  
And the title and motto and name!

I must telegraph first, "Stop the press!"  
Then in fast-rolling Hansom away  
To the office, to show them the mess  
They have made of their paper to-day.  
And they call it "encouraging art,"  
When a man fairly beats competition,  
To alter in every part  
His music beyond recognition!

And now my friend Mendelssohn Brown  
Stops the cab for a word in my ear,  
Just to tell me "I mustn't be down,"  
With his smug diabolical leer.  
"It ended," he says, "in a tie"  
(And mighty advantage I got in it);  
Then, grinning, informs me that I  
Am not to be even a knot in it.

All the better! Why should I complain?  
For my song is worth more than their prize;  
And it's clearly "their loss and my gain,"  
As they say of a man when he dies;  
And the triumph's still greater for me  
That the work which, by dim midnight taper  
Was squeezed from my brain, proves to be  
Much too good for them! Confound the paper!

## Occasional Notes.

*Freund's Music and Drama* has the following:—"June has yet been unpropitious to open-air music, but soon it may brighten its tearful countenance and give us the summer sun in full splendour. Then we shall see the *entrepreneurs* of open-air music busy to please the multitudes. America beats England hollow in the summer music; there are no Cappa and Gilmore bands there; no Neuendorff gives delightful programmes in artificial gardens, and the miserable English seaside bands cannot be compared to the hundred and one excellent entertainments that are provided in most of our

summer resorts for the visitors. In summer music America leads the way, and the Briton owns up that his is but a tinkle affair."

The excellent Freund has evidently never heard of the open-air music at the various South Kensington Exhibitions, or if he has, not unjustly looks upon them as temporary exceptions confirming a permanent rule.

Talking of *Freund's Music and Drama*, we must not omit to congratulate our contemporary upon its successful crusade against the abominable encore nuisance. It is stated that five musical festivals in America have already adhered to the no-encore system, and amongst the organs of public opinion which have expressed themselves against encores is the *Daily Hawkeye*, of Burlington, Iowa. A system condemned by the *Daily Hawkeye*, of Burlington, Iowa, is doomed.

The idea that a theatrical or musical performance derives additional artistic value from the fact of royalty intending to honour, or actually having honoured it by its presence, does not commend itself to the logical mind. At the same time it would be a mistake to think that that idea has its origin exclusively in modern English toadyism. It is by no means confined to this nation, and, if not exactly as old as the hills, can boast at least of respectable antiquity. Here is an extract from a letter written by Madame de Sévigné to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, and dated December 1, 1673: "The overture of the opera is frequently repeated. The like has never been heard before. The king said the other day that if he is ever in Paris while the opera is being played, he will hear it every day. These words must be worth a hundred thousand francs to Baptiste." "Baptiste" stands for Jean-Baptiste Lully, and the opera in question was *Alceste*.

In Spohr's autobiography—a work, owing to its indifferent English translation, too little known in this country, of which we mean to give our readers some specimens when occasion offers—there is a curious description of Russian singers which will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment. "There were six common soldiers," he writes in his diary, "some of whom sang soprano; they shouted terribly, and one was inclined to stop one's ears. Their songs were drilled into them by a corporal, with a stick; in some of them they accompanied themselves on a kind of shepherd's pipe, which had so penetrating a sound that I was afraid the ladies would swoon away. The melodies of the songs were not bad, but the harmonies were all wrong." In another place he describes the performance of a Russian serf playing on the fiddle some variations of his own, in a manner the reverse of agreeable. The choristers of M. Slavianski D'Agrenoff are not serfs, neither does he affect the stick even in front of them, much less on their backs, which proves that upon the whole freedom and the absence of the knout agree with music.

In justice to the Russian singers of seventy years ago, it should be added that Spohr's criticisms, especially in the earlier part of his diary are, as a rule, the reverse of laudatory. He had, for example, a strong prejudice against all ladies attempting to play his instrument—"mein Instrument von Frauenzimmern misshandeln zu hören" is his ungallant and sweeping expression. What he would have said of Madame Norman-Neruda, Teresina Tua, and other "Frauenzimmer," of whom these latter days have heard a good deal, it is, of course, impossible to conjecture.

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### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Owing to the demand for our last number, an unusually large edition of which was sold on the day of publication, many orders having to remain unexecuted, we have decided to republish, with the present number, the photograph of Madame Valleria as Margarida, in *The Troubadour*, together with the biographical notice of that artist. The Musical Supplement—our second Prize Song—is therefore held over till next week.

## Musical World Portrait Gallery.

### NO. I.—MADAME VALLERIA.

THE counterfeit presentment of Madame Valleria which auspiciously opens THE MUSICAL WORLD PORTRAIT GALLERY, like most things good to behold, speaks for itself, and our additional remarks may therefore be very brief. It is not our purpose in this or in subsequent cases to weary the reader with the dry facts of biography to be found in every dictionary, much less to interview celebrities at home or abroad. All we intend to do is to point out, amongst the striking features belonging to every character of note, the most striking; to record, in fact, a few impressions more or less at random. We may, therefore, briefly state that Madame Valleria, like so many famous *prime donne*, hails from the other side of the Atlantic, having been born at Baltimore, Maryland. As to the date of her birth we may refer the reader to the opposite page, or better still, to the sounds of her voice which may linger in his memory; for if an ordinary woman is as old she looks a *prima donna* may claim to be as young as, or perhaps a little younger than, she sings. According to that standard Madame Valleria may be assumed just to have entered that period of an artist's life when full maturity and dramatic intelligence is combined with beauty and unimpaired freshness of voice.

It is a curious fact that when the artist, as a young girl, entered the Royal Academy, where she studied under Holmes and Wallworth, and gained the Westmorland Scholarship, it was as a pianist that she expected to make her mark in life, and it is not the least among the late Sir Julius Benedict's merits that he was the first to point out her true vocation to Madame Valleria. She subsequently studied singing with Signor Arditi, and made her *début* in Italian Opera at St. Petersburg. To that opera she remained for several years attached, singing at Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden, and in America, and going through her work with that conscientiousness and artistic feeling which are part of her nature. Success in such circumstances was a foregone conclusion; at the same time, that success was comparatively limited in a form of art where the chief prizes had already been secured, and were held with tenacity by such artists of European reputation as Patti, Nilsson, Albani, Lucca, and others. It was, therefore, a lucky day for Madame Valleria, and a luckier still for Mr. Carl Rosa, when she left the foreign for the national institution and devoted herself to English opera. Here the resources of her nature found their full scope, and it was here also that she was enabled to develop that "special feature" to which allusion has been made at the beginning of this notice. We are speaking of Madame Valleria's faculty of identifying herself with a character, of assuming for the time being the outward semblance, and the passions and troubles and joys of that character, of *being*, in fact, Senta, or Nadeshda, or Colomba, or Margarida in *The Troubadour*, instead of merely walking through those parts in a conventional manner and with undisturbed peace of mind. We have mentioned in the above the four most remarkable creations of Madame Valleria; for "created" these heroines were by her in the literal, and not only in the theatrical, sense of the word. To the imaginings of the poet she gave local habitation and visible embodiment; to the melodies of the composer she lent the beauty of her singularly expressive voice, which vibrates with every chord of passion. To those who have seen any of the aforesaid creations, the impression then received will remain an indelible one; they will treasure it up among the few achievements of genuine art it has been their good fortune to witness in an age when mechanical cleverness assumes too frequently the airs of, and is mistaken for, genuine impulse.

As a concert singer also, Madame Valleria has had her triumphs; she has appeared in London and at provincial festivals, at oratorio and—more's the pity—at ballad concerts. Her greatest success in this branch of art was achieved, perhaps, in the love-duet from the *Walküre*, at one of the Richter concerts, when the dramatic breadth of her style appeared combined with perfect purity of vocalization. For Madame Valleria is before all a dramatic singer, and as such she will be remembered by posterity. We should add that in 1877 the artist was married to Mr. Percy Hutchinson, a gentleman of position in the North of England, with whom, during the intervals of her professional work, she leads a happy and quiet country life at Husband's Bosworth, near Rugby.



# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

## WHEN SHOULD CONCERTS BEGIN?

THAT concerts should end about ten is a truism which amounts almost to an axiom; that they should not last more than two hours is a further fact of which everyone besides the Directors of the Philharmonic Society is fully aware; but when they should begin is a question which seems to exercise the contemporary mind to a considerable extent, if the correspondence which we have recently published may be taken as a criterion. The difficulty, as all our correspondents admit, lies in the clashing of the time set apart for physical sustenance, and that assigned to mental enjoyment; it is, in short, the old conflict between body and mind in a somewhat novel form. The contest, as will be remembered, was opened by a gentleman whom, for the sake of brevity, we will denominate "the swell," and who, dining at eight o'clock, and assuming that everyone else does the same, strongly objected to having his creature comforts interfered with by the call of the Muse. May we boldly conjecture that the distinguished diner-out or diner-in, after having dined well, although perhaps not too wisely, found his receptive faculties somewhat dulled, that in fact, when arriving at St. James's Hall and being comfortably settled, he felt more inclined for what another correspondent euphemistically calls "contemplation," than for Beethoven and Wagner; that, perhaps, like good Homer of old, he was caught actually napping? His case would be by no means unprecedented. It was known, indeed, long before people dined at eight o'clock, and Haydn introduced the famous "Paukenschlag" in the "Surprise" Symphony especially to meet this emergency. We admit the reality of the grievance without perceiving how our correspondent proposes to abate it—short of doing away with evening performances at concert or theatre altogether. Supposing these performances were to commence at half-past eight or nine o'clock, even then a sumptuous dinner, commenced at eight, would scarcely be finished, much less digested.

We fear, therefore, that the "swell" would hardly be better off by any change made in the hour of concerts, while the strong party represented by our second correspondent, "One of the other people," would feel considerably ill-used. From the letter of the lady—for a lady we take her to be—it would appear that a great part of our most intelligent audiences consists of persons who, as the writer makes no mention of any meal but supper, do not dine at all. We suspect that many enthusiastic concert-goers of that description feel themselves amply sustained by what Shelley calls "music and moonlight": the music, for instance, of our best orchestral concerts, and just so much moonlight as is available through the dusty panes of the "last omnibus." But even these ethereal creatures object to a walk home by moonlight, and have the human weakness, it must be feared, of looking forward to a light supper before surrendering themselves to the god of dreams; hence their objections to any change which will remove those frugal prospects to a still further distance.

For common sense and unanswerable logic the Teutonic correspondent in our present issue bears off the palm. He argues his point on first principles, and settles the matter, as he would no doubt be prepared to settle the laws of the universe, *a priori*; but however excellent in theory his "systematical" notions may be, there is no likelihood of the English public adopting the practice of them. It is not everyone whose freedom from business pressure, and philoso-

phical "complexion," as Smollett would have said, allow him to divide his afternoon amongst those delicious things, a pipe, a walk, and what our correspondent calls "contemplation," another word, we take it, for *siesta*.

It is a rule of our glorious Constitution that no evil should be rectified unless it has become absolutely intolerable, and we think upon the whole that the inconvenience of concert hours as at present established has not as yet reached that acute stage.

## Correspondence.

### CONCERT HOURS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

HONOURED SIR,—Your correspondents are both wrong. I have solved the problem of dining and of going to concerts at the existing hours to my perfect satisfaction. I take my mid-day meal, as I used to do in my dear fatherland before coming to England, six years ago, at half-past one, punctually. At the stroke of that hour, or rather half-hour, the soup is placed upon the table, and at a quarter to three the cheese is taken off; for I do everything by principle, and my family follow my example, although my wife, being Irish, at first used to demur at my systematicity. The first two hours after dinner I devote to a quiet pipe and contemplation, after which I take my walk and return to coffee and a slight collation at six. There is no reason why the whole world should not do likewise; and, in so doing, allow themselves to enjoy their music from eight to ten without feeling heavy, as they might after a hasty meal, or hungry, after none at all. The aspect of some thousand people in a concert-room, who should, if they had their rights, be eating their dinner, is one that may make a Briton quail, but a simple German must ask, Why this respect for the dinner-hour? Let it give way. Perhaps the universal feeling of surfeit or hunger is sufficient to account for the want of enthusiasm which strikes foreign artists and listeners as one of the least pleasant characteristics of an English concert-room. I am, honoured sir, your servant,

A TEUTON.

## "Musical World" Stories.

### THE WEDDING MARCH.

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

(Translated by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.)

(Continued from page 443.)

After a little while she threw herself down on the turf—her face on her arm—and all the occurrences of the day passed in mental review before her. She saw him breaking through the bushes; she saw him, tall and broad-shouldered, standing before her with quickly changing glance.

She felt his composure, and her fear and bashful weeping. She saw him standing in the sun at the top of the mountain. She heard the shot; she knelt before him while he skinned the bear. She heard once more every word that he said, and every tone of his low voice, which sounded so confidential and true that her heart beat whenever she thought of it; she heard it again from the bench before the hearth while she cooked, and at the table while she ate. She felt that she had not dared to look him in the eyes, and she knew that she had ended by at last making him feel embarrassed, for he too had become silent. She heard him speak once more when he held her hand, and she once more felt the pressure of his—it thrilled her down to her very feet. She saw him going away over the meadow—going away—yes, going away!

Would he ever come back again? After the way she had behaved—impossible!

How strong and handsome and manly was all that she had seen of him. And how stupid and lamentable everything that he had

seen of her. Yes, lamentable, from her first cry at the dog to her shame-faced blushes and tears; from the childish way she had helped him with his work to the dinner which she had not got ready sufficiently early. And that she could not answer him—not even when he looked at her! And at last, when he asked her if she sat every day under the rocks, that she did not say “No”—for she did not sit there every day.

Would he not construe her silence into a tacit request that he might come, and see? Her whole miserable helplessness—could that also not be misconstrued in the same way?

O, how ashamed she was!

Her whole body glowed, especially her face, which she buried deeper and deeper. And then once more she recalled the whole picture—his glorious manhood and her pitifulness—and her shame grew deeper and deeper.

She was still lying in the same position when the bells of the herd announced the return of the cattle, and she sprang quickly up to put everything in order.

When Beret came in, she saw at once something had gone wrong, for Mildrid asked such remarkable questions, and gave such contradictory answers, and altogether behaved so extraordinarily that Beret several times marvelled, and stared at her in amazement. And when supper was ready and Mildrid said that she had no appetite, and instead of eating stood at the door, it was only necessary for Beret's ears to lap over a little for her to thoroughly embody the picture of a sleuth-hound, who is on the trail. Beret took her supper and undressed.

They slept in the same bed, and as Mildrid did not come, Beret got up several times to see if she still sat at the door, and whether she sat there alone. Yes, there she sat, and always alone. Eleven o'clock struck—twelve—one, and Mildrid still sat there, and Beret was still awake. She certainly pretended to be asleep when Mildrid at last came in, stepping, oh, so softly, so softly!

But the sister heard her sigh as she at last got into bed and heard her whisper her ordinary evening prayer. Then came the whispered words—“Oh help me now, dear, dear God!”

“How shall He help her?” thought Beret. She did not like to go to sleep; she heard her sister vainly trying to compose herself—restlessly tossing from one side to the other. She saw how Mildrid, at last despairing of sleep, threw aside the coverlet, and, with her hands under her head, stared before her with wide-open eyes. She neither heard nor saw anything more, for she fell asleep.

When she awoke in the morning, Mildrid was no longer in bed. Beret sprang up. The sun stood high in the heavens; the herd had long been out in the meadow. She found her breakfast ready, hurried over it, and went out, and found Mildrid busy working, but she looked so utterly worn out.

Beret said she would collect the herd, and go with them. Mildrid did not answer, but she looked at her gratefully, as if she thanked her. Beret delayed a little and then left.

Mildrid looked round. Yes, she was alone. Then she hurried to put the milk-pans in order—with the rest she would not trouble herself. She washed and combed her hair, and ran into the hut to change her dress. Then she took her knitting and went to the rocks. She did not feel the renewed energy of the new day, for she had hardly slept at all, and had eaten almost nothing.

She went about the whole time as if she were in a dream, and it seemed to her as if she could not awake until she had revisited the spot where she had sat yesterday. But she had hardly settled herself before she thought, “If he comes here now, and finds me here, he will think—”

She was already on her feet when she saw his dog on the rocks. He stood still and looked at her, then sprang down and advanced towards her, shaking his tail. Her heart stood still. There! There stood Hans in the sun, with his gun in his hand, exactly as he had done yesterday, only that he had come another way to-day.

He smiled at her, hesitated for a moment, then climbed down, and stood before her.

She gave a low cry, and sank back on her seat. She tried to summon all her power to rise; the knitting fell out of her hand; she averted her face.

He did not say a word; but she was aware that he, looking at her all the time, sat down before her on the grass, and the dog, obeying a gesture from his master, lay down on the other side.

She felt that, although she had turned from him, he could see her blushes, her eyes, yes, her whole face.

His quick breathing mingled with hers. It seemed to her as if she felt his breath upon her hand, but she did not dare to move. She did not wish him to speak—and yet it was so dreadful that he remained silent!

He must guess why she was sitting here, and more intense shame than she now felt no human being had probably ever suffered.

But it was also very wrong of him to have come, and still less right that he should sit there.

Then one of her hands was seized, and then the other, and she was obliged to turn a little towards him. With loving force he softly drew her with hands and eyes to himself. She slipped down at his side so that her head lay on his breast. She felt that he stroked her hair with one hand, but she did not dare to look up. Her whole behaviour was too unworthy—and she broke into a storm of passionate sobs.

“Yes,” he said, “you may cry and I will laugh, for what has happened to us both to-day ought to be laughed and cried over.”

But his voice trembled. And then he whispered down to her that when he had parted from her yesterday he seemed but to have come nearer to her, and he had been in such a frame of mind that, when he reached his rocky hut, he could do nothing but leave the German, who was his guest, to himself, while he went out into the mountains. And after wandering about the whole night he had, towards morning, gone home for breakfast, but had left again directly afterwards.

He was eight-and-twenty and no longer a boy. But this he had felt that that girl must be his, or it would be all up with him.

He could not remain away from the spot where he had seen her yesterday, but he had not hoped to find her there—only to sit quietly a little while by himself. When he first saw her he felt almost frightened, but then he imagined that perhaps she felt as he did, and then he determined to try his luck. . . . And as he now found that it really was with her as with him, then . . . and then . . . And he raised up her head, and she wept no longer, and his eyes had such a magnetic power that she was obliged to look into them—and then she was once more covered with blushes, and hid her face on his breast.

But he commenced to speak again in low, whispering tones. The sun shone through the tops of the trees in the meadow; the birch trees trembled in the light wind; the twittering of birds mingled with the murmur of the brook which rushed merrily past them over the stones.

How long they sat there together neither knew. The dog at last startled them; he had made many little excursions, and had always returned to his post, but now he rushed past them barking.

They both sprang hastily up, and stood a moment listening; but nothing was to be seen. They looked at each other once more, and then he lifted her in his arms.

She had not been carried since her childhood, and there was something in it that made her feel helpless. But as his eyes beamed up to her, she bent down to him, and wound her arms about his neck. He was her shield, her future, her eternal happiness, and she must obey her heart. No word was spoken. He held her, and she held him. He carried her to the spot where she had first sat. There he laid himself down, and softly drew her to his side. She turned her head farther and farther away from him that he might not see how deeply moved she felt. He was on the point of drawing her face round to him when, immediately in front of them “Mildrid!” was called in tones of the greatest astonishment. It was Inga who had followed the dog.

Mildrid sprang up, looking quickly at her, and clasping her arms round her neck, laid her head on her shoulder.

Inga embraced her. “Who is he?” she whispered; and Mildrid felt how she trembled, but did not move.

Inga knew who he was, but she could hardly trust her own eyes. Then Hans advanced slowly. “I thought you knew me,” he said quietly. “I am Hans Haugen.”

Mildrid raised her head at the sound of his voice, and looked at him. O, how good and honourable he looked!

He held out his hand, and she went over to him, and laid hers in it, and glanced over at her friend with shame and joy in blushing union.



Hans shouldered his gun and bade them farewell, while he whispered to Mildrid, "You will understand that I shall come again soon."

They both accompanied him to the meadow, and saw him leave as he had left yesterday.

They stood there watching him until he was out of sight. Mildrid leaned against Inga, who felt that she must neither move nor speak.

When he had entirely disappeared, Mildrid laid her head on Inga's shoulder.

"Ask me nothing," she said, "for I can tell you nothing."

They stood near each other for a little while, and then they went into the hut. And Mildrid remembered that half her work had been left undone, and Inga helped her to finish it.

While they worked they spoke but little, and only of what had reference to the work.

Only once Mildrid was obliged to stand still and whisper:

"Is he not handsome?"

She placed some dinner on the table, but could eat scarcely anything herself, although she was in need of both food and sleep. Inga left her as soon as she could; she saw that Mildrid wished to be alone.

When Inga had gone, she lay down on the bed, and tried to sleep.

Again she lived through the day's occurrences, trying to recall how he had looked, and what he had said.

Then she began to consider what she had said herself, and, for the first time, she realized that she had not spoken a single word—no, not one—during their whole interview!

(To be continued.)

## Opera.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The past week, the last but one of the Italian Opera at Covent Garden, has been by far the most interesting of the season, and if the beginning of Signor Lago's enterprise had been as spirited as its latter days, the artistic result would have been a different one from that which has actually to be recorded. Two operas, Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Wagner's *Lohengrin*, each a masterpiece of its own type, were given for the first time this season, on Thursday and Saturday respectively, and on both occasions the performance was a distinctly creditable one in the circumstances. It is true that those circumstances were the reverse of favourable. Signor D'Andrade, the new baritone, sang the part of Figaro with obvious difficulty, caused by incipient inflammation of the vocal cords, and his indisposition had increased by Saturday to such an extent that he was altogether unable to appear as Telramund, that important part being taken at a few hours' notice by Signor Ughetti, who was evidently little familiar with it. It became therefore necessary to cut considerable portions, even of the curtailed Italian version, of Wagner's opera, including the important scene in the second act, where Telramund bids defiance to the Knight of the Swan on the steps of the minster. Over misfortunes of this kind the best manager has no control, neither can he imbue soloists and choristers brought up in the modern Italian school with the spirit of Wagner, or of Mozart, who, although writing to Italian words, differs from the artistic tendencies of Donizetti and Bellini quite as much as does the later master. All this must be taken into account if the performances of *Figaro* and of *Lohengrin* are to be fairly judged. In both Madame Albani took a prominent part, and as the Countess and Elsa repeated successes which are in everyone's memory. Her "Dove sono" and the letter duet, in which Mdlle. Russell as Susanna did excellent service, were given in the purest style of vocalization, and did not fail to rouse the enthusiasm of the audience. The last-named lady's singing also deserves a word of special praise, although her acting as Susanna was wanting in vivacity and character, a remark which applies even more strongly to the Cherubino of Madame Scalchi, to whose powerful contralto voice the two lovely melodies assigned to the page are, moreover, not quite adapted. M. Maurel, as the Count, on the other hand, acted with

remarkable spirit, and more than once reminded one of the fact that the type, albeit of Spanish origin, received its artistic embodiment at the hands of a great French writer. Had he played Beaumarchais's comedy instead of singing Mozart's music his rendering would have been acceptable; combined with that music artistically and sonorously emitted, it fell little short of perfection. The *ensemble* of Saturday's performance of *Lohengrin* did great credit to Signor Bevignani, the conductor. There were slips and instances of coarseness both in chorus and orchestra, but considering the difficulties of the music it was matter for surprise that these were not of a graver kind, the choral singing, more especially, being decidedly above the average. The poetic charm of Madame Albani's Elsa exercised its full sway over an audience which crowded the house in every part, and Signor Gayarré's *Lohengrin* was vocally and dramatically a conception of peculiar charm. The mannerism of the operatic stage in his, as in Madame Albani's case, contends against the absolute realization of Wagner's ideal; on the other hand, beauty of voice, grace and dignity of gesture, and the accents of genuine passion in the love scene place him far above the average German tenor. Blind admirers of the German school should, moreover, remember that *Lohengrin*, the Knight of the Grail, like Signor Gayarré, came from Spain. Miss Yorke's Ortrud—a part she has frequently played at the English opera—was shorn of its vocal opportunities by the omission of the duet with Telramund, but her dramatic action was sufficiently vigorous and impressive.

## Concerts.

### CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT.

The Princes' Hall should have been better filled on Monday afternoon for the really interesting entertainment provided by Signorina Barbi and Signor Cesi. The programme was of a historical character, and consisted of a selection of ancient and classic music. It began with an *Aria Variata* by Frescobaldi (1587-1654), which was followed by specimens of other masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, admirably played by Signor Cesi, the principal professor of the pianoforte at the Naples Conservatoire. The music of this early period received further illustration in the choice of songs by Signorina Barbi. This highly-gifted artist had chosen arias by Astorga, Paradisi, and Caldara, with a canzonetta by Jomelli, all of which admirably suited her beautiful voice, and were interpreted with characteristic spirit and delicacy. After a second series of pianoforte pieces, played with even more striking effect by Signor Cesi, the accomplished singer delighted her audience in soli by Mozart and Rossini. The concert was brought to a close by a good performance of the Kreutzer Sonata in which Signor Papini co-operated with the Naples pianist. Signorina Barbi announces a second concert for this (Saturday) afternoon, when the programme will be of a more modern and equally varied character.

### ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT.

A good audience was gathered in St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, to hear the orchestral concert of the Royal Academy Students. The orchestra played through the greater part of the concert, accompanying the songs, quartets, etc., besides bearing its share in Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto for pianoforte, and in two movements of the same composer's violin concerto. With the help of a great number of well-known professional players, the band performed its arduous task, with a few occasional accidents, but on the whole answering very well to Mr. Shakespeare's decided beat. The two movements of the Symphony by Mr. German (student) were very interesting as giving evidence of a great deal of promise and of no inconsiderable skill in the writing of orchestral music. It would be early to look for much originality from a beginner who is probably mainly occupied with the study of the works of great masters, and must inevitably bring reminiscences of them into his own efforts. The pupils of the pianoforte, violin, and singing gave on the whole very meritorious readings of some rather difficult music.

## ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The last orchestral concert of the Royal College of Music, held on Thursday, last week, was a credit to all concerned; inasmuch as the programme comprised classical works of the best kind, which were, more or less satisfactorily rendered by the students under the conductorship of Mr. Henry Holmes. It is not surprising that the band was not absolutely perfect in such works as Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and in the accompaniments to the same master's violin concerto, the orchestral details and solo instrumental leads in such works being, even to well-seasoned professional players, a severe test of competent manipulation. The rendering of Haydn's Symphony in D, No. 7 of Salomon's set, by the youthful executants was a pleasure to listen to, and the eye was gratified to see the anxiety and energy displayed in order to realize the conductor's reading of these works. The pianoforte playing in Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante, by Miss Kellett, and the vocal talents of Miss Aldridge and Mr. Houghton gave evidence that they will eventually become promising members of the profession. Mr. Sutcliffe, a youthful violinist, who essayed the solo part of Beethoven's concerto without music, is deserving of high commendation.—The chamber music concert on Wednesday evening at Princes' Hall bore valuable testimony to the diligence of the students of the Royal College, who, in spite of their late hard work in the study of opera, have not neglected the other branches of their art. The most attractive feature of Wednesday's programme was the violin playing of Mr. Sutcliffe, who led a string quartet, Beethoven's Op. 18, No. 3, with the co-operation of Miss Donkersley, Mr. Kreuz, and Mr. Squire, and also the Andante from Spohr's Double Quartet, Op. 89. Other string music was creditably performed. The pianoforte soli, which included Miss Kellett's rendering of Schumann's *Études Symphoniques*, were well played. Miss Russell's song: "If thou thy heart bestowest," by Giovannini, was very good, and the vocal trio for three basses, "Pensa e guarda" from Meyerbeer's *Marguerite d'Anjou* was another feature of interest.

## ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The programme of the entertainment given at the above Hall by Professor E. Savary D'Odiardi (Director of the Cambridge Academy of Music), in aid of the blind, offered a variety of attractions. The chief interest of the musical portion of it lay in the performances on the Mustel Organ, an instrument which has admirable qualities. "Prayer in the Catacombs," and other descriptive pieces by Professor D'Odiardi, in which the soft and *legato* passages were particularly effective, were played with great delicacy and expression by the composer. Mr. Coward gave a brilliant rendering of a "Fantasia Extempore," together with another quieter but very pretty piece, called "Separation," both by Professor D'Odiardi. Songs, duets, and recitations were contributed by Miss Hilda Coward and other artists. A comedy took up the second part of the programme.

## ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE FOR THE BLIND.

The annual prize festival at the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, took place on Saturday afternoon, and was attended by 200 or 300 visitors. On entering they were shown the work of the technical department, a number of young men and boys displaying their skill in carpentry and the repair and tuning of pianos. Elsewhere the girls were going through Kindergarten exercises and modelling with a dexterity quite wonderful to those who had not previously seen how much blind people can be taught. In the concert-hall a number of the pupils, from little ones eight or nine years old to bearded men gave a very enjoyable concert, in which Mr. John Moncur, Mr. John Scolah, and Mr. Alfred Hollins were the soloists, the former vocally and the two latter as organist and pianist respectively. From the hall the company passed into the extensive and pretty grounds, the gentlemen inspecting the swimming-bath on the way to the out-door gymnasium, where the president (the Duke of Westminster) took the chair, and the Duchess distributed the prizes. His Grace complimented the musical performers on the progress they had made since the last annual meeting. Mr. Hollins, the pupil who had played the piano, was going again to America, where he received £20 a night for his performances. They

were all aware that a memorial to the late Professor Fawcett was being raised. Unfortunately the committee would not be able to hand to the college as much as they expected, but the monument to that great man was well forward, and would soon be erected in Westminster Abbey. (Hear, hear.) As to the Royal Commission to enquire into the condition of the blind, this college, standing in so high a position as it did, would no doubt benefit greatly from the inquiry. He was glad to say that 100 old pupils were now earning their living, their total income being between £8,000 and £9,000, and the average over £80 a year. There was, of course, a greater difficulty in placing young ladies who had passed through the institution than in finding engagements for the men, and it was proposed that a local committee should be established to assist in that work. People who employed old pupils to tune pianos might have confidence in their ability, for before being sent out by the college they were put through a severe examination by two gentlemen from Messrs. Broadwood's. Having alluded to the invaluable services of Dr. Campbell, director of the institution, his Grace remarked, in conclusion, that the college was in a most prosperous condition, with premises admirably suited to the work, and containing at present 176 pupils. (Cheers.)—The proceedings terminated with some interesting gymnastic performances by both males and females.

## NOVELTY THEATRE.

The new opera, *Florian*, by Miss Ida Walter, was given at the Novelty theatre on Wednesday and repeated on Friday. The principal artists taking part in the performance were Messrs. Ben Davies, Burgon, and Max Eugene, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Miss Jenny Dickerson and Miss Griswold; with Mr. Ganz as conductor. The opera was favourably received by the audience. We must hold over a detailed account until our next issue.

## A NEW OPERETTA.

An operetta written by our esteemed contributor, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and set to music by Mr. Isidore de Lara, is to be produced at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next, July 20. The title of the opusculum, "Minna, or the Fall from the Cliff," suggests melodrama. But the subject is comic; and two of the leading parts are assigned to those distinguished humorists, Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. E. J. Odell. *Minna* is not the name of the heroine, but of a play in which the heroine is much interested, and which she endeavours by the most audacious means to ruin; while the "Fall from the Cliff" is a purely imaginary incident, existing only in the piece to which it gives a second title. The heroine is Lucy, the daughter of Biggins, a rich Oxford Street linendraper; and she will be impersonated by that charming artist, Miss Josephine Findlay, well-known as the leading female personage in the *Carp*, and who has also played with brilliant success the chief soprano part in the *Mikado*. The hero, a poet and dramatist, who, from love of Lucy assumes the disguise of a linendraper's assistant, and finds employment in her father's shop, is called Lavender; and the character will be sustained by Mr. Lawrence Kellie, who is fast making a reputation not only by his singing, but by his songs. The linendraper, with a soul above business, has a passion for theatrical art; and he announces, in the opening scene, that he will have no more to do "with cuff and collar, With handkerchief and hose," and that he will spend his "bottom dollar in grand dramatic shows." This promise, or threat, alarms the linendraper's daughter, who, owing to the dangerous vagaries of her father, has conceived a hatred for authors, actors, musicians, checktakers, and all connected with the stage. Accordingly, when Lavender procures for himself at Mr. Biggins's establishment the place of cashier, he finds himself compelled to conceal the fact that he has written a play. This play is the before-mentioned "Minna, or the Fall from the Cliff," and it is on the point of being produced at the Joint-Stock Metropolitan theatre which Mr. Biggins directs. Biggins cannot find the author of the piece, who, to avoid detection, has sent in his work anonymously; and he advertizes for him in the papers. Lucy is enraged to find that the



missing dramatist is, when discovered, to be brought to the house; and she declares, to the consternation of Lavender, that if the man ventures into her presence he will meet with a rough reception. Suddenly a youth named Floss (Mr. Odell), got up in somewhat Shakesperian style, presents himself and informs the delighted Biggins (Mr. Harry Nicholls) that he is the writer of the play. Biggins overwhelms the supposed dramatist with attentions, and offers him the hand of his daughter. But Lucy will have nothing to say to the impostor, and Mr. Lavender seeks to confound him, but in vain, by questioning him as to the plot of the work he pretends to have written. At last the hour of the performance is at hand; and Biggins starts off to the theatre in company with Floss, while Lucy is attended by a band of linen-draper's assistants, armed with cat-calls and cab-whistles. Lavender is in despair, afraid on the one hand of offending Lucy, and tormented on the other by the idea of his piece being hissed (and at Lucy's instigation!) from the stage. The audience, however, are indignant at the proceedings of the cabal, and, turning upon the conspirators, drive them from the theatre. Then *Minna* goes wonderfully. Even the free admissions applaud; and Mr. Biggins declares that he saw one critic about to clap his hands, though, ashamed of his enthusiasm, he remembered himself in time. In the final scene, Floss is claimed by Jemima, a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married; while Lavender is hailed as the author of the piece, and accepted by Mr. Biggins as his future son-in-law. With Lucy Mr. Lavender has, of course, no trouble; and she explains to him that although she hates authors as a rule, she makes an exception in favour of those who please her.

The operetta will be conducted by Mr. Isidore de Lara, who now, for the first time, appears as a composer of comic music; even as for the first time, Mr. Harry Nicholls appears as an operatic baritone.

The following are the words of Mr. Biggins's principal air:—

Away with cuff and collar,  
With handkerchief and hose!  
I'll spend my bottom dollar  
In grand dramatic shows.  
For my soul above the counter swells,  
I hate your vulgar trade;  
And Art around me casts her spells;  
On the stage I'll make a raid!  
Farewell my brainless, heartless shop,  
I'll be the drama's prop!  
I'll lay out every tanner  
To make the show first-rate.  
The nymphs of Katti Lanner  
Shall gracefully gyrate;  
And I'll have a band a hundred strong;  
Such dresses, too, I'll buy;  
And Patti, she shall sing a song,  
Although her terms are high.  
Farewell, &c.

My dramas and my farces  
Shall wake the whole world up;  
Australians, Hindoos, Parsees,  
I'll ask them all to sup.  
And if by chance I drop a pile  
And earn but scanty thanks,  
'Twill all the same be better style  
Than selling pocket hanks.  
Farewell, &c.

#### AMERICAN NEGRO HYMNS.

The salient feature of negro life on the Southern plantations which first strikes the visitor is the music. The negro sings at his work and in his play, when he is happy and when he is miserable. The African is, indeed, the most musical in an elementary, rudimentary way, of all the races of men. Whether this musical talent is one that will bear culture and survive the tests of scientific development remains to be proved. The great lyrical gift of the negro at present is manifested in the religious direction, in the department of hymnology. Much has been written on this subject, and it would seem that there is little new to be discovered. A writer in the valley of the lower Mississippi contributes some items which may find a place in the general history of the subject yet to be compiled. He

traces most of the negro hymns to their original in the tune books of the Baptist and Methodist churches, but he is inclined to attribute a considerable portion of them to the negroes themselves.

How these tunes have reached their present form is a mystery. Perhaps they began years ago as compositions of more cultivated minds, and by addition or subtraction of notes have lost all their primitive sounds. This theory, at any rate, accounts for the words, for often a negro hymn opens with a stanza or two which would not have discredited Watts. Then, as it proceeds, it drops into the grotesque metaphors, the dialectical quaintness, and droll phrasing which prove it of plantation origin. As these later stanzas have been grafted one by one on the early structure of the hymn, the original lines—which appeal less strongly to negro feeling than those of his own composition—have been dropped, until the whole hymn has been reconstructed into one of pure negro quality. There is, however, still another set of hymns, the words of which the plantation negro himself composed entirely at the beginning. They are usually short-metered poetical descriptions of familiar Bible incidents, some of them of incredible length and bristling with anachronisms. The blacks call this class of hymns “figured” from the Bible, and I have heard one which was descriptive of the battle of Christian and Apollyon, and consequently “figured” from Bunyan. No word, by the way, is a sweeter morsel on the negro tongue than this original verb, to “figurate.” It has the rotund and sonorous quality which the negro loves, and is used in a dozen senses, some of them quite contradictory of the others.

How absurdly some of these “figured” hymns deal with the Scriptural record a single specimen stanza from a common negro composition here will illustrate:

In de days of de great tribulashun,  
On a big desert island de Philistines put John,  
But the ravens dey feed him till de dawn come roun'  
Den he gib a big jump and flew up from the groun',  
O come down, come down, John.

If anything can add to the anachronisms and kindred absurdities of the foregoing, it will be the explanation that the John referred to is supposed by the negroes to be John the Baptist.

The precision in time of a negro congregation is absolutely marvellous for so untrained a body. Every note is hit with exquisite accuracy, and in their antiphonal hymns, when the men sing a line and the women respond, the intervals are perfect. Though their tunes are very simple, and range but through a few notes, the wonderful flexibility of some of their voices produces almost the result on the ear of scientific singing; and no trained white choir can begin to produce the general effect of these negro hymns rendered by the men and women, who have sung them from childhood. The rich voices of the famous jubilee singers are blended here with two peculiar tones that I have never heard elsewhere—one a kind of nasal elevation of the voice as the male singer utters a most singular “rasp” through his nostril, the other a female note pitched so high that it is more like steel scratching a slate than a human voice.

Very few of these hymns ever deal with anything but imagery and Scriptural pictures. But now and then is found one with a moral tone, like the following, aimed at the religious backslider:

Some join de church to put on pretents,  
Until de day of grace is spent;  
Sunday come its Christian grace,  
Monday come dey lose der faith.  
De debbil gets dem, they roll up de sleeve,  
Der religion comes on't and 'gin to leave,  
Ole man Adam has never been out,  
When guilt condemns dem dey git up and out.

Still another class of hymns blends the secular and religious sentiment. A trifling and utterly nonsensical set of lines is closed with some religious exclamation which appears to be the only sanction for the use of the queer medley in worship:

Big ole black man hidin' 'hind de log.  
Finger on de trigger, eye upon de hog.  
Shiloh! Shiloh!

A better illustration is the following:

Good-bye, ebervbody;  
I don't care what yer call me,  
Yer may call me long tongue liar,  
But I'se going to Zion, Hallelou!

The proclivity of the negroes for railroad metaphor is disclosed also in their hymns:

There is a road which Christ hab made,  
With heavenly trestles the rails is laid;  
I'm goin' on dat line. Hallelou!

Some of these hymns are spun out to enormous length, particularly those set to a popular melody. I have often heard a single hymn sung rapidly without repetition of a stanza for half an hour. One composition has a stanza for each letter of the alphabet:

B for Babylon, dat wicked place,  
She was 'stroyed in forty days.

And so on through all the letters of the alphabet. Of course, John the Baptist is a prominent subject here in hymnology; and one religious song with a grand, swinging melody stands, perhaps, first in merit and popularity as well as length. It is called the "John de Baptist Song," and is worth quotation of several stanzas:

His name was John de Baptist,  
And out of de water he sprung  
When Jesus come to tell him  
To fetch his people home.

#### CHORUS.

Den run along on to Jesus,  
Den run along on to God,  
Den run along on to Jesus,  
And get your sure reward.

Some say dis John de Baptist,  
Was nuffin' but a Jew,  
But de Holy Bible tells us  
Dat John was a preacher too.

I'se waitin' all de night long,  
I se waitin' all de day,  
I'se waiting all de night long  
To hear one sinner pray.

Den please, God save our country,  
Our church and pastor, too,  
Our elders and our deacons,  
And all our Baptist crew.

Moses and the prophets of the Old Testament are also favourite characters:

O Moses! Moses!  
Don't get lost;  
Stretch out your rod,  
And come across.  
Daniel! Daniel!  
Get out de fire,  
Kill dem lions,  
And go up higher.

One of the most melodious of the negro songs is made doubly effective by responsive singing, the women chanting the "O Lord! Yes," and the males rendering the alternate lines, while both sexes join in the chorus:

As I was a walkin' out one day,  
O Lord! Yes.  
I saw dem grapes a hangin' high,  
O Lord! Yes.  
I plucked dem grapes and sucked de juice,  
O Lord! Yes.  
De juice was sweet as honey meat,  
O Lord! Yes.

#### CHORUS.

See me here, believe me; see me here;  
All 'round de altar, see me here.  
Jew kill my Saviour  
One day 'fore I know;  
Bury him in sepulchree,  
One day 'fore I know.

One hymn that glows throughout with fervid negro imagery opens:

When de star from de elemunts is fallin',  
And de sun and de moon dip in blood,  
Sinnah! sinnah! Where will ye stan'?  
But I sees my Jesus comin',  
Wid a rainbow on his shoulder.

According to white authority here, the religious song first published years ago by Mr. Harris, the "Uncle Remus" of the Atlanta Constitution, and entitled "Uncle Remus' Revival Hymn," is largely derived from actual lines sung by the negroes, and cleverly united.

It differs from all the other negro hymns I have heard in having variations of the choruses. As perhaps the best negro hymn ever printed, two or three of its characteristic stanzas, given roughly from memory, may fitly close these selections:

O, whar will ye be when de great day comes,  
Wid de tootin' of de trumpets an' de rollin' of de drums?  
Full many a poor sinnah will be cotched out late  
An' fin' no latch to de golden gate.

#### CHORUS.

Den come along, sinnah, if yer comin';  
Ole Satan is loose and a bummin';  
Sin is sharp as a bamboo brier;  
O Lord, fetch de mourners up higher.

O, de song of salvation is a mighty sweet song,  
An' de paradise wind blow swift and blow strong,  
An' Abram's buzzom, 'tis deep an' 'tis wide,  
An' right dere's de spot dat de darkey ought to hide.

#### CHORUS.

Den don't be a stoppin' an' a lookin',  
If yer fool will wid ole Satan ye'll get took in,  
Ye'll hang o'er de brink and get shook in;  
So don't be stoppin' an' a lookin'.

Hymn-books are, of course, dispensed with by a congregation of whom not one in twenty can read; and, if the hymn is unfamiliar, the officiating elder or his assistant intones two lines at a time, and the hymn is thus sung by sections. The deacons and sub-deacons, however, almost always con the hymn-books assiduously, turning the leaves in rapid succession, but the white employer of these deacons who make such a show of erudition will tell you that scarcely one of them can read a word. (*American Art Journal*.)

## Music Publishers' Weekly List.

### SONGS.

Fiddlesticks! ... ..	C. E. Kettle ... ..	Ambrose
In the places of lightless sorrow ( <i>The Troubadour</i> ) ... ..	A. C. Mackenzie ... ..	Novello
Vineta (with viola d'amor obbligato) ... ..	Carli Zoeller ... ..	Klein

### PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Banderillas (Les), Bolero ... ..	W. H. Batchelor ... ..	Ambrose
Cymbeline March ... ..	Langton Williams ... ..	Ashdown
Diamond dewdrops. Mazurka ... ..	" ... ..	"
Gavotte Polka Populaire ... ..	Louis Diehl ... ..	"
Largo (First Concerto, Beethoven) ... ..	" ... ..	"
arranged in C without octaves ... ..	Henry Klein ... ..	Klein
Moonlight reverie (A) ... ..	Louis Diehl ... ..	Ashdown

### DANCE MUSIC.

Cinderella Waltz ... ..	L. Fisher ... ..	Klein
En tous Cas Waltz ... ..	Henry Klein ... ..	"

### CONCERTED MUSIC.

Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 71 ... ..	Dr. W. Spark ... ..	Novello
Saved by a child. Cornet solo for Military Band ... ..	" ... ..	Klein

### VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, PART SONGS, &c.

Communion Service in D ... ..	J. F. Bridge ... ..	Novello
Intermodal Harmonies for the Gregorian Psalm tones ... ..	J. W. Doran & E. D. Galloway ... ..	"
Te Deum in F ... ..	Charles Dennis ... ..	"

### ODE.

Victoria (written for the opening of the Holloway College) ... ..	Sir George Elvey ... ..	Novello
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## Next Week's Music.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY).		P.M.
M. Slaviansky's Russian Choir .....	Drury Lane Theatre...	3
Chamber Music Concert .....	Princes' Hall...	3
"Il Trovatore" .....	Crystal Palace...	3
"Faust e Margherita" .....	Covent Garden Theatre...	8.15
TUESDAY, 20.		
Miss Griswold's Concert .....	105, Piccadilly...	3
FRIDAY, 23.		
Operatic Performance by the Students .....	Royal Academy of Music	8
EVERY EVENING.		
"Fivoli" .....	Drury Lane Theatre...	8



## PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, July 17—10 a.m.: Service (Goss), in F; Jub. (Hatton), in C; Anthem, "Cast thy burden," No. 363 (Ps. lv. 23), Mendelssohn. 3 p.m.: Service (West), in A; Anthem, "O give thanks," No. 91 (Ps. cvi. 1), Aldrich.

SUNDAY, July 18 (*Fourth Sunday after Trinity. Election Sunday*). —10 a.m.: Service (Cobb), in G; Contn. (Jekyll); Anthem, "God is a spirit," No. 506 (St. John iv. 24), S. Bennett; Hymn as Introit, No. 292. 3 p.m.: Service (Hopkins), in F; Anthem, "When the ear heard him," &c., No. 202 (Job xxix. 11), Handel; Hymn, after 3rd collect, 72. 7 p.m.: Service in the Nave.

## Notes and News.

## LONDON.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the recent prize competition, you say you will be glad to publish the name of "Semper Fidelis," the composer of the song "To Daffodils." She is yours very truly, KATE BOUNDY.

Mr. J. Mortimer Dudman has been appointed organist at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

The audience at the fourth and last Patti concert was as crowded as ever, testifying once more to the business instinct of Mr. Austin, who, if anyone, has his finger on the pulse of the British public. Madame Patti sang four pieces, one more familiar than the other, and all of them none the less welcome on that account.

Mrs. W. Morland gave a drawing-room musical and dramatic entertainment last week, and was warmly received by the large audience which had assembled to welcome her on her appearance as one of the dramatic profession. Mrs. Morland had the assistance of Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Henden-Warde, Mr. Ernest Birch, Mr. A. Marsh, and Mr. Geo. Bates, who all contributed songs, and of Mr. E. Croagher, who played two pianoforte pieces. A comedieta wound up this pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

M. Slavianski d'Agneff's Russian singers gave their first performance at Drury Lane Theatre, on Tuesday afternoon, when they had to contend with the depressing influence of a very empty house. Nevertheless, they went through their programme with unflagging spirit, and more than once elicited the warm applause of those present. Of the character and artistic value of their performance a full description has previously appeared. Amongst the choral pieces given on Tuesday, there was, however, one which we did not remember having heard previously. It bears a strong resemblance to a song, "Beautiful star in heaven so bright," or something similar, which at one time was very popular at our music halls; whether the tune is of Russian or English origin we do not venture to decide, but for its vulgarity we can vouch.

The concert given on Monday afternoon, at Steinway Hall, by Signor del Puente, the eminent baritone, was one of the most attractive of the season. Signor del Puente is known in London, to every one who takes an interest in music, as the creator of the part of the Toreador in *Carmen*; and nothing in Tuesday's concert was received with greater applause than the bullfighter's spirited and characteristic air as sung by the artist specially associated with the part. The concert-giver was assisted by a number of distinguished vocalists, including Madame Nordica, Madlle. Dossi and Madame Trebelli. The name of Signor Runcio was down in the programme, but he was prevented by indisposition from appearing. Among the instrumentalists were M. Hollman, Signor Tito Mattei, and one of our best amateur pianists, Mrs. Henry Wylde; who played in brilliant style Chopin's Polonaise for Pianoforte and Violin, together with M. Hollman.

## COLONIAL.

A CONCERT of selected Scottish music was given on the evening of June 22 in the Philharmonic Hall, Georgetown, Demerara, which was fairly well filled. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Irving were amongst those present. The programme comprised many of the best Scottish songs, choruses and part songs, and instrumental music, all of which were very creditably rendered by a large company of amateurs. Much praise is due to Mr. Colbeck, conductor, for the excellent manner in which everything passed off.

## FOREIGN.

Herr Xaver Scharwenka is to give eight subscription concerts on a large scale in Berlin, the first of which is to be a Liszt celebration.

The St. Petersburg Conservatoire, which was founded in 1862, has just published its review of the last year's work. There were 776 scholars altogether, including 134 in the orchestral department, 136 pupils for singing, 418 for piano, and 5 for the organ.

The new managers of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, Messrs. Dupont and Lapissida, are in Milan in search of recruits for their first campaign in the autumn.

From Lille the death is announced of Fernand Magnien, a great oboe player, son of the director of the Conservatoire, and also of M. Georges Sinsoilliez, aged only 38, professor of the trumpet and the cornet-à-piston at the same institution.

M. Sabino Falcone, a writer of religious and chamber music, died in Naples at the age of 41.

In Angers a Conservatoire is to be established under the directorship of M. Gustave Lelong.

Capain José Rodriguez is endeavouring to establish a school of military music in Buenos Ayres.

The director of the German Opera in New York has secured the services of Frau Schröder-Hanfängl, Frau Sthamer-Andriessen, and Herren Zobel and Gritzinger, but has not been able to induce Fräulein M. Malten and Herr Winkelmann to cross the Atlantic. Goldmark's new opera, *Mertin* will be produced there in October. The opera on the same subject, written by Philipp Rüfer, will be played at the Berlin Court Theatre next season.

In the Court Theatre of Munich the electric light has been adopted for the whole house, as gas is found to increase the temperature to a much greater extent than is desirable on sanitary grounds.

The system of *plébiscite*, inaugurated by Bülow at his concerts in Glasgow some years ago, was also tried at the St. Petersburg concerts, conducted by the same master. It is interesting to learn that the first programme compiled in this manner contained a suite by Tchaikowsky, *La Danse Macabre*, by Saint-Saëns, a waltz by Glinka, and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

At Vienna the opera *Lakmé* by Delibes, is to be given early in the season.

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